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Editorial.

THE sect known as the "Stundists" Russia, and now suffering such rsecution from the national church, an organization originating with a nall company of German emigrants out twenty years ago. These ermans were Protestants, and not ing allowed to worship in their vn way, came together secretly, gatherings that were called Stunden" or "Hours." In prac-al life they presented such an exple of domestic industry, thrift d sobriety that their doctrines soon gan to attract attention and new nverts were won from the ranks of e established religion. This alarmed d offended the priests who entered on the work of persecution. Then story repeated itself, and the "Stunsts" began rapidly to increase in mbers. In 1881 the sect numbered 0,000 and the increase since then said to have been enormous.

A WRITER in a recent number of e *Christian Register*, under the cap-n of "Theological Beneficiaries," raigns the Meadville Theological hool for debilitating the ministry too generous beneficiaries, endanring to the integrity of the student. he reader is left to infer that a dif-ent order of things practically tains at the Cambridge Divinity School. It has been the privilege of the present writer to introduce various candidates both to Meadville and to Cambridge, and he has found that, if the student is a "college graduate," the financial helps at Cambridge are generally more generous than those at Meadville; at least, he has been able to introduce at Cambridge students with as slender a financial backing as any at Meadville. Beneficiaries are not confined to ministerial candidates. The most extensive system of beneficiaries in education known in the world is the free school system of America. Are not all the fellowships of all the colleges open to the same danger? No. Simply because they are given only to worth. The trouble with our theological schools is not that a theological education is too cheaply obtained, but that, in many cases, the privileges are too easily secured. Not too much money, but too little vigor and caution in the administration of the money. We wish every college in the land were absolutely free. We would make education as available as water, and then only worth and diligence could secure an education. Let us raise the standard, ethically and intellectually, and then encourage the young men and women who are competent, to give their lives to other than money-making pursuits. The world accepts as current coin in the market of life some things that have not the stamp of the government mint upon them.

THE working editors of UNITY recently sent a circular letter to the members of the editorial staff soliciting more frequent and regular contributions from some of them, whom pressure of other cares or negligence had prevented our readers hearing from as often as we felt was their due. Almost without exception the answer has been what we had a right to expect and what the situation demanded, prompt, hearty and promiseful of good things for the future. That from our friend, Dr. Hirsch, has a ring of brotherly cheer and goodwill in it. "I deem it a great privilege to be one of you." He writes, "I have hitherto done but little active work, but it is never too late to mend. You have my warmest sympathies in the good work you have been doing."

IN the last number of the *Universalist Monthly*, the editor, Mr. Crowe, mentions the special features of universal and permanent value that might be preserved from the different sectarian beliefs now existing. "We need everything that Unitarianism has,—its theology, its literature, its culture. What it has is right. It is a peculiarly fortunate church in not having a great load of things that are wrong." This is pleasant, but there are some of nearer connection with this faith who, if they would not describe the false and useless views that have attached themselves to it during its past history as a "great load," are yet sensible that a few such views and methods exist. Nor should we count the Unitarian theology as one of the things that deserves to be preserved as much as its literature. Its theology has always been the weak point of Unitarianism, its great logical error and inconsistency. It will be preserved for its historical and critical interest, but its power to inspire was always small. The good that Unitarianism has accomplished has been through its pure and aspiring spirit, its enunciation of the principle of reason in religion, its combined appeal to conscience and common sense. The spiritualist, agnostic and ethical culture disciple will also make their contributions to the coming religious faith of man, says the same writer. The first has taught us that spirit can not die, that death is no terror; and the other two have shown a candor and bravery we all need, a "yearning to make this world our heaven—one of our heavens,"—which we are all beginning to respect and share.

PRAISE from the right source is doubly encouraging and pleasant. A letter from that mother in Israel, Mrs. L. H. Stone, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, thanking us for what we could not but know many of our readers would think an ungracious attack on the dress reform movement, headed by Mrs. Jenness-Miller, and warmly approving the sentiments there expressed, re-confirms us in the opinion, that admirable and needful as this movement is, it by no means covers the field of wise and sanitary dress for women. Our friend's feeling on this subject is ours, and is one that the intelligent, generous-hearted women connected with this work should take into earnest consideration; viz., that "these lectures are not for the people that need them most." After the problems of simplicity and grace have been solved, along with that of healthful dress, will not the agitators of this particular reform consider the claims of a rational and practical economy in the same direction?

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, recently visiting Chicago and yielding to the reporter's request for an opinion on the political situation, reported what many others have said, and what all must perceive to be the truth, that no distinct issue now separates the two larger parties, that principles are lost sight of on both sides in the single desire for office. In this absence of a great cause to lead in, it is hard to tell who is to be the coming leader. Only the Lord can tell who will be next president, says Mr. Talmage, with that freedom in the use of sacred names which seems part of an orthodox training. We wish we could be sure that the politicians would set themselves seriously to work to find out the Lord's will and act upon it; but we fear they are not looking in that direction for counsel.

Will the National Unitarian Conference come to Chicago?

Rev. Samuel Eliot, of Denver, in a private letter writes: "The matter of holding the National Conference in Chicago in 1893 needs pressing. Can not you prepare a circular letter, addressed to the council, signed by our ministers, asking for prompt action in the matter and pointing out what an inexcusable blunder it would be to let this chance slip by." This week there will be sent, at our suggestion, from the central office of the World's Fair Congress Auxiliary the general circular from the Department of Religion, revised to date, to all the Unitarian ministers in our Year Book.

We trust every Unitarian minister, particularly the members of the council, will note carefully the matter therein. Some twenty-two different religious organizations have local committees appointed and many of them have the work well started, notably the Catholic and Episcopal churches. They have already secured time and bespoken places. It becomes the Unitarians of America to speak promptly and to take hold of this matter with vigor if they are to enjoy the unexceptionable privileges of the occasion. It is the opportunity of a century for us to put our thought alongside of the thought of the world, and to show our hospitality to the thinkers of the world who will be gathered here at that time to attend the Parliament of Religion. It is unique in the history of Unitarianism to be invited without reserve, or conditions, to take its place in the ranks of the religious organizations of the world, to find itself respected in the fraternity of Christendom.

If there is still the distrust in the minds of any that the World's Fair will be simply a distracting circus, a show towards which men and women in thoughtless moods will hurry as children do to a fire, it is time that such minds be disabused of this conception. There is in our mind no manner of doubt that, through the activities of the Congress Auxiliary, the influence, and perchance the participation of the new Chicago University, in the immediate neighborhood, and the growing sentiment in Chicago and elsewhere, it will prove an object-lesson in civilization worthy of careful study, and sure to be of great educational use to thoughtful men and women who will come in thoughtful mood.

The city will be thronged with people who will not all the day be curious to *see*, only, but who will be glad to set apart a certain portion of their time to listen and to think. The exceptional opportunity offered down town in the neighborhood of the great hotels for attending these great conclaves will be a relief and a wholesome alternative to those physically fatigued with tramping among the material exhibits seven miles away.

The Conference at Saratoga last fall, referred the matter to the council for that "sober second thought," ever dear to the Unitarian heart. We trust that the council will not postpone that "sober second thought" too long. The responsibility ought to be assumed one way or another soon. Dates ought to be fixed, that places of meeting soon may be settled. Requests should be in before the general management within a few weeks.

Every day is time lost. If there are those who have reason to distrust or oppose the National Conference coming to Chicago in September, 1893, UNITY will be glad to hear from such their reasons. Why should not the agitation of this question be begun in our denominational publications at once, if discussion is necessary? If the council needs more light, those on the ground in Chicago will try to put them in the way of all necessary information.

We urge the wisdom and duty of the National Conference meeting in Chi-

cago in 1893, not as a Western man, but as a Unitarian, a national, international, universal Unitarian. The Conference of 1893 ought to be a gathering of all those who believe in the *Unity* as opposed to the *Tri*-Unity, of the world. Our National Conference can well afford to overlook the smaller and transient questions, concerning details of organization and execution, in this opportunity of greeting the representatives of our faith from all lands.

Let us ask the British and Foreign Unitarian Associations to co-operate. Let them bring their best to the Conference, and we may expect a like contribution from the scholars of the continent and the devotees of the Orient. If any one reading this notice should desire to see the circular concerning the Department of Religion referred to, he can probably obtain the same by addressing President C. C. Bonney, World's Congress Auxiliary Home Insurance Building, Chicago. Let the thing be decided one way or another as promptly as possible.

The Other Side of the Domestic Problem.

Every question has two sides, but the domestic problem has thus far been discussed almost entirely from a single point of view, that of the mistress and employer; the side, that is, of the most favored and the superior, on whom therefore most responsibility rests.

Many causes are assigned for the evils and trials of our present domestic service, all tending to fix responsibility on the weaker and more ignorant. What we need, above everything else, in the discussion of this question is more of the spirit of *noblesse oblige*, or, let us say, a little more Christianity. Not until the feeling of personal moral accountability enters more largely into the average housewife's conception of this particular relation, will she reach any fair understanding of it, or deserve to suffer its pains and penalties less.

The personal equation is always strong in women, and time after time, as we have listened to burdened housekeepers exchanging kitchen experiences, have we marveled that they did not see how they condemned themselves out of their own mouths, proved themselves inferior in everything, but station, of those they criticised, careless and unworthy stewards of a high trust.

For the mistress of a household, in the relation she sustains to every other member of it, whether connected by ties of blood or a mere business arrangement, is in a position of trust. Woman is the loaf-giver, or life-dispenser in the home, and this not in a maternal sense only. The hypothesis that the relation of mistress and servant is a mere business contract, such as one makes with the grocer or butcher, contains a fundamental error. No relation within the home can be compared with one outside. Certain laws of hospitality, the extension of the home spirit, must be brought into play here, which have little or no application in these other directions. Laugh as we may at the claim of the American-born servant, now so hard to find, to be treated "as one of the family," nature has implanted the same honest, self-respectful wish in the breast of every foreign-born Gretchen or Biddy, a wish that springs directly from our republican principles and the teaching of religion. Those who serve us have a right to be regarded as members of the family, in the sense that they, as well as those nearer, shall feel themselves surrounded by a home atmosphere, whose effect is to cheer, comfort and protect. Too often they are made to feel themselves entirely outside it—aliens and interlopers.

We are continually surprised at the behavior of good and intelligent women in this respect; women who are devoted to high and noble aims, engrossed in schemes for the amelioration of the wronged and suffering, yet fatally blind to the needs and rights of those immediately dependent on them. The worst results here, affect neither mistress or servant, but reach much further and manifest themselves in the young. Many a woman pondering the problem how to uplift the masses, cherishing the most humane sentiments in the abstract, seems never to realize the necessity of training her own children to habits of courtesy and consideration for those under them. The heedless and wanton behavior which children of supposed thoughtful and refined parents are allowed to indulge in towards servants, borders often on the cruel, destroying all just and kindly sentiment and arousing savage instincts on both sides. Mothers forget how sharp are the eyes of these young innocents, how quick to detect whatever is shallow or insincere in the relations of elders. The disposition to get much for little, to quibble and equivocate, to seek favors by unworthy means, is soon discovered and laid by as examples.

Another sign of weakness on the side of the mistress, is the vain insistence on her own personal dignity and right of subservience. This is seen in the swift resentment most women think it necessary to show the servant who falls into the error of a disrespectful tone or word, is "impertinent," as the phrase goes. Yet the only true dignity is that which springs from the sense of power, justly derived, and this can suffer no injury from outside sources. Moreover, we should ask ourselves why a servant has not the same right to speak her mind as her mistress has. The spirit of assumption is to be deplored here and everywhere, but respect is most easily won where least insisted on. The working-girl has become, through an experience of her own, a skilled reader of human nature, having much the same keen, untutored instincts children have. She has her own method of reasoning and reaches conclusions quickly; she knows the difference at a glance between the "true lady" as she calls her, and her gilded substitute; between the woman who has the power to win allegiance on her merits and one who must compel it. We submit to much variability of temper and behavior on the part of those nearer to us, and find it easy to do so for love's sake. Should we not, then, try to extend this charity of the hearth to the rear regions of the house? A wise woman will ignore the little faults of nerves and disposition here as elsewhere. Especially will she refrain from exacting obedience for the purpose of maintaining her authority.

The chief cause of difficulty, already hinted, lies in the very nature of the relation itself, which concerns the most intimate and personal side of life, and is therefore inevitably subject to more or less friction. Home life is a kind of undress rehearsal, where the actors go through their parts, but mechanically, conscious there are no spectators. The very freedom of the home life, its most prized possessions, leads to its greatest dangers. Individual wish and whim rule, restraint is thrown aside, and natural behavior reigns, which is not always the best behavior. The servant both shares and suffers by this unrestrained intercourse. She knows the merits and faults of each particular member of the family as no one else can. Restraint is often practiced least of all in her presence; rules surround her on every side, but accidents for which she is not to blame are continually tripping her up.

We do not forget the long list of real wrongs and hardships on the mistress' side of this question; the evils arising from incompetency and bad disposition; but even these obstacles are not so great as they are often made to appear. Here, too, the obligation lies with the superior. Women are doing much in this direction, with their kitchen-gardens and training-schools. These are excellent, but they often prove the longest way round. The near, personal contact of mistress and maid in the home kitchen, with direct instruction in the duties lying close at hand, will accomplish more than all the theoretic teaching of the schools.

It is then the declension of the old spirit of antagonism and mistrust, the growth of a genuine human interest between employer and employed, in the household as in the machine-shop and warehouse, that is to bring about the better state of things we long for. Children, we know, learn more from example than from precept, and the class of which we speak is made up of children of larger growth. Native perception teaches them more than our little hoard of rules and maxims can possibly do.

The nearest duties are always the hardest. It is easier to accomplish a great public reform than set one's own household in order; yet it is right here the real test of character is found, the proudest and sweetest rewards of living won. Every human relation which we attempt to measure in terms of "supply and demand" sinks into an inhuman relation. The fraternal spirit is everywhere outgrowing the mercantile. The race is a brotherhood, man a unit, with common needs and aspirations, whether he live in a hut or a palace. There is but one form of mastery men have gained over each other that deserves to survive, and that is the mastery of character. Women are learning this along with the rest of the world, are in many ways leading in such knowledge. In time we shall all learn to make full and grateful application of these higher truths to the smallest concerns of life; to those common daily problems whose just solution forms at once the incentive and reward to the best living.

C. P. W.

A Word of Friendly Reply.

Any book that Mr. Chadwick finds a word to say about, gains that much in interest; but we are not yet willing to yield the point made in our editorial of a few weeks ago, as to the important relation David Grieve's feeling about his sister, not *for* her, sustains to the plot of Mrs. Ward's story. We think this hypothesis is fully borne out by the words of Mr. Ancrum to David just before his and Louie's departure for Paris: "Look after your sister," said his old pastor; and upon the boy's reply that she was not an easy charge, he said: "No; but you've got to manage her, Davy. There's only you and she together. It's your task. It's set you." And when borne away from her by the swift current of his own affairs he returns to discover the fatal results of his carelessness, what do his passionate remorse and suffering indicate, but a despairful sense of his own failing responsibility. It is this sense of human responsibility to those whom choice or circumstance has made his own, that rules David through life, except for that brief period of blind passion through which he passed in his connection with Elise Delaunay. Neither can we regard this episode as sympathetically as Mr. Chadwick seems to. The Paris experience is undoubtedly the most powerful part of the book, dramatically considered. It also contains much truth and reality, but this truth and reality are not of a kind that prove the moral worth or necessity of such experiences to the growing soul; at least, they are shown to have but passing value, to serve useful end indeed, but not of the highest order.

To us, the true relation of man and woman is much more seriously menaced and misconceived in such a state of tempestuous feeling as David lived in for a few weeks, blinding him to all the obligations of his past, to every impulse of healthful self activity, drowning will and reason alike by a reckless plunge into a life of enamoured sense and fancy;—such an experience, and the violent withdrawal it implies from the usual rational, if at times dull, pursuits and aims of every-day life, misrepresents the sexual relation far more than the prosaic marriage David afterwards entered into with Lucy. We shall never reach the highest thought of love, even of the love of man and woman, until we have eliminated the element of selfish passion, at least to that extent that it no longer serves as its main and only justifiable motive. The thought of love, like that of religion, must be divested of a good deal of the miraculous nonsense attached to it through the false and flimsy teachings of the romanticists before we shall begin to perceive its high and holy uses to mankind. To all this, we imagine Mr. Chadwick would offer no serious disagreement. Our readers will be sure to follow his review of Mrs. Ward's book with interest and profit. The editorial referred to was in no sense intended as a review, and was written with the remembrance of a promise from Mr. Chadwick to give us a more complete piece of work on the subject, for which and other favors we are very grateful.

C. P. W.

Men and Things.

THE *Indian Messenger*, which should be able to speak authoritatively on the subject, says: "The spread of temperance principles among British soldiers in India has led to a remarkable diminution of crime, the number of suicides and murders falling from 110 in 1887-88 to 35 in 1890-91.

DAMRELL & UPHAM, at the "old corner book-store" in Boston, 283 Washington street, have republished Rev. Brooke Herford's story of "Travers Madge; A Memoir." The new edition appears with a new title, one taken from the London *Spectator* in its review of the first publication. The little book now bears the title "A Protestant Poor Friar." Price, 50 cents for cloth-bound copy.

THE French think they have better ways of educating young women than we have, and in some respects they are right. Social interests are not allowed to conflict with the hours of study with the French girl, her dress is simpler and more healthful, her entire manner of life more rational. But restrictions which bring about these results, with the religious discipline which keeps her mind in the most crude and childlike state, incline us to prefer the greater freedom, in spite of some of its pernicious effects, which our American girls enjoy.

THE Chicago University has received another benefaction of the most useful and needed order, conveying great credit to the donor. Mr. S. A. Kent of this city has given $150,000 for a chemical laboratory which it is said will be the finest in the country. An architect is already at work preparing plans and specifications, the building having been planned under the assistance of Professor Ira Remsen, of Johns Hopkins. Mr. Kent was born in Connecticut, but coming to Chicago when still a boy, he won a marked business success, and has risen to be one of the most prominent and trusted citizens of the city.

LADY SOMERSET writes in the *Union Signal* a paper on Elizabeth Barrett Browning as follows: "She was the first woman who told through poetry the pathos of struggling human life, and she understood, as Hood understood, that the lover's song, and even the whispers of nature, are less pathetic than the grinding toil under which suffered the uncomforted poor; and to her was given probably more than to any other, to arouse our country, and indeed the modern world, to a sense of all the great child suffering which should appeal to every woman's heart. Her poem on the 'Cry of the Children' was almost simultaneous with Lord Shaftesbury's great speech on child-labor in Parliament."

Contributed and Selected.

Faith.

O harmonies unheard before, thine ear
Thou canst attune, if thou wilt turn to sounds,
At first so soft, that only solitude
And gently listening faith can make resound
Within thy soul. The first sounds faint to thy
Untutored ear, if caught by love and trust
And hope, will louder grow and fill thy soul
With symphonies sublime. What has no music
Now, will then seem heavenliest melodies;
Till sings to thee the glad song of thy soul,
The harmony of courage, faithfulness,
And love of labor for thy fellowmen.
In these there lies the power that shapes thy soul,
And, shaping, makes it fit for its grand work,
Lifting humanity to heights as yet
Unseen, save in the poet's vision and
The dreamer's thoughts.

JOHN GRAFTON.

The History of David Grieve.

Mrs. Ward's new novel is not so meager in suggestion that I need hesitate to write about it, even after an editorial review so full as that in UNITY of February 18th. Full as that was, I found no mention in it of what was, to me the most striking part of the story, the Paris part, which tore me all to pieces with its pathetic tragedy and made me feel as weak as Lowell's violet, "alone neath the awful sky." That part is to me incomparably the best part of the book considered as a work of art. The nearest approaches to it in the other parts are in the first, where Reuben Grieve and his wife, and David and his sister afford some capital delineation. The smoke of Manchester appears to have a depressing effect on Mrs. Ward's creativeness. The second and fourth books have that smoky city for their local situation and they do not compare for interest with the first or third. The fourth is distinctly an anti-climax coming after the beauty, strain and passion of the third. The death of David's wife is not much of a tragedy in comparison with his desertion by Elise Delaunay after that blissful time at Barbizon:

> "How sad and bad and mad it was—
> But, then, how it was sweet!"

But the only alternation of the book is not that of part with part. It reads as if the author had written it under the stress of opposite moods—was now elated and inspired; now spiritless and depressed. It has not that "wholeness of tissue" which the author's uncle, Matthew Arnold, denied to Emerson and demanded in a perfect work of art.

There is another opposition in the book. It is that of the artist and the critic. We have, to be sure, much less of theological and Biblical criticism and discussion in "David Grieve" than in "Robert Elsmere," but the fusion of the artistic and the critical elements is much completer in the earlier than in the later book; and I fail to find in "David Grieve" that superiority to "Robert Elsmere" as a work of art which has been found by many of its critics, who have apparently taken their cue from Mr. Smalley's London letter, which was written so that he might not be prejudiced (see Sidney Smith) before he had read the book. As the translator of Strauss and Feuerbach, George Eliot had an admirable critical training, but somehow it never troubled her with unassimilated matter in her earlier novels. It was her scientific increments that she could not assimilate as time went on. Let us hope that Mrs. Ward, having begun worse, will end better; that in future she will write separate books of criticism and fiction; and not give us an imperfect fusion of the two. Nothing could be more inartistic than the solid chunks of criticism and theology in David's journal, though if we could forget that we were reading a novel they would be immensely interesting. Nothing could be more unreal than David's writing such a string of lucubrations after the evening's ghastly entertainment at Lord Driffield's. But they are so good that we find ourselves wanting more of them and less of the novel. David Grieve and Robert Elsmere come from opposite extremes—eighteenth century French infidelity and Church of England orthodoxy—and meet in a rational Christianity. But Robert Elsmere's path is more clearly defined than David Grieve's, while yet the theological and critical matter is much more completely fused in "Elsmere" with the substance of the novel.

I find myself wholly unable to agree with the editorial review in UNITY which finds the strength of the story in David's human providence for his sister Louie who, by the way, is the least firmly realized character of the score who crowd the pages of the book, with a good deal of mutual obstruction as well as mutual help in the development of their several personalities. I do not find David's care of his sister so pronounced as does my predecessor. I find it conspicuous by its absence for the most part. "He is his sister's keeper," says my predecessor. I read these words and their expansion in the paragraph of which they are a part with astonishment. I wonder if the writer has a different edition of the book from mine. Except in the way of giving her money, I do not see how David could have done much less for Louie. It was his absolute desertion of her at the most critical period of her life, and her resentment of it, that drove her to the bad. "The motive of Mrs. Ward's latest book" may be "found in David's relation to his willful, tormenting, unloved and unloving sister," but, if it is, it must be because that relation shows the need of human providence and not because David furnished it. Again and again we are made to feel that if Louie had been loved enough, or even cared for enough, love being impossible, the course of her life might have been from bad to good and not from bad to worse.

David's marriage with Lucy who "caught him on the rebound," as Louie says, was perfectly natural under the circumstances, but most uninteresting and depressing. Here Mrs. Ward seems to be working out the doctrine of Ibsen, that a marriage without "love" can justify itself by the fidelities of daily life. But David's marriage never comes to much. Lucy's soul is of a too aching smallness though it does get some enlargement in the valley of the shadow of death. But the pathological details of her sickness are only sickening, and seem to show that in striving for the realistic, Mrs. Ward only attains unto the matter-of fact, which is quite another matter.

Nothing is more beautiful in her book than its breadth of spiritual sympathy, though in the widening of her range of types we get some characters that cohere but loosely with its main effect. The Roman Catholic Church as a police regulator of Louie's turbulent will, shows however, in its least engaging light. Granting that the main effect of the story is "the development of a soul," it must be noted that the impression of necessity is much stronger than that of freedom. Louie is the mere sport of her hereditary instincts and her harsh and mean environment; and David, if his soul is saved alive, has no deliberate regimen of his own to thank, but the drastic cup commended by Elise Delaunay to his rebellious lips. The awful problems of our life are made more obvious than their solution, and we close the long and painful book with a new sense that it is indeed "an awful thing to be a life." This is partly because the author has not succeeded, as she did in "Robert Elsmere," in giving us the strength of her own thought and feeling in the world of her imagination.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

Trinities and Sanctities.

Such is the name of a little book which goes on its mission anonymously, but is the intimate message from one soul to another. The use throughout of the second person singular, seems to make it an address only to the individual reader, and carries something of both the friendship and the authority which one feels in reading from Thomas à Kempis.

It is a plea for ideality in living, for the recognition of the sacred elements within each human being. Every page has some word which may help to sanctify the conception of life, and to inspire purity of action.

It is a little book to have by one's side for momentary instigation. "Hold sacred thy mind as the most exquisite tool of thy soul." "Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good in thyself as in the world." "Many lives suffer for want of a definite ideal of what the soul would make them." "Have faith in the mysterious and awful, yet benign, forces and principles which seek outlet through thee into finite life." "Keep faith with thy fairest ideal unto the perfect day." "Impersonal principles are the soul of all personality, and constitute all the stability it has." "Discouragement is not for the ideal nature." "To do anything well is to become anew the disciple of the ideal."

Such are a few of the sentences which one marks on a first reading, that they may catch the eye hereafter; for one feels that the little book is to become a future friend and inspirer. It is published by T. W. Ripley of 138 Congress street, Boston.

H. S. T.

A Fable.

A fresh milch Cow was hard at work in a pasture when she attracted the attention of a Foreign Syndicate of Flies, who were traveling through the country in search of investments. "This is a sure thing," said the head of the Syndicate, who was a Model Merchant. "There are no flies on this Cow. Let us put our Trust in Her, and put Her in our Trust, for it is a poor rule that will not work both ways." The Cow gave her consent by silence, as is usual in such. Harmony being thus restored, the Flies settled themselves on her neck and drew their Dividends from her Circulating Medium.

The Cow began to run. When they were full, those of the Syndicate who had talent for after-dinner speaking addressed the Cow on the questions of Reform.

One dwelt on the manifest Goodness of the Almighty, who had so ordered all things for the best, that the glad duty had fallen to them of giving employment to her otherwise undirected energies.

Another who was versed in the science of Political Economy pointed out to her the perfection of the law of Supply and Demand by which the faster they put their Suckers into her the faster ran the blood.

Meanwhile the Cow, feeling that the Destiny of Woman was something nobler than to be treated as mere pasture ground, lay down and began to roll over on her back. The Model Merchant warned her that the Syndicate would withdraw their Capital and Plant and close their works if she persisted in this disregard of their vested rights. The animal continuing to roll, he said to his fellow-stockholders:

"This Cow is evidently a member of the Farmers' Alliance and cares nothing for an honest currency or the obligations of a contract. Let us withdraw and seek a better field for investment."

Essaying to follow this sage advice, the Syndicate found that their feet were so mired in the superfluity of the Blood they had been feasting upon, that to escape or to rise by themselves without the Cow was impossible.

"To uplift ourselves we must uplift the Mass," their leader cried, who in a previous state of existence had been a member of the Sunset Club. The Syndicate were just pluming their wings for a long pull and a strong pull to uplift the Cow to uplift themselves when that animal, finishing her roll, finished the Flies.

Moral 1.—Its jugular vein is not the best place to tap a Cow or a People.

Moral 2.—Those who live upon others should not be too philanthropic. They are likely to find that their anxieties, like charity, will need to begin at home, and may end there. —*Henry D. Lloyd, at Sunset Club.*

True Prophecy.

We have associated with the idea of prophecy certain words spoken in longer or shorter orations; the prophet we have imagined a man or woman standing before the people or before the king and speaking words of rebuke or approval, calling attention to events which might be expected to take place and pointing out the probable results of those events. Yet when we confine prophecy to the spoken word we exclude many true prophets. The nineteenth century as well as the first, America and Western Europe as well as Palestine, have had men and women well deserving the name of prophet, and they have confined their prophesyings almost exclusively to the printed page. Victor Hugo, the Russian novelist, the poets and others have never spoken a word, yet by their written words have done a truly prophetic work. For the prophet, first of all, is one who arouses the people to a higher life, leads them away from the earth to heaven, convinces them that there is something higher and more worthy of effort than the merely getting enough to eat and wear and a place to sleep in. We should broaden our idea of prophesying. If you study carefully the work done by the Jewish prophets, you will learn that the foretelling was merely an incident, the out telling was the principal part of the prophetic message. The all important work of the prophet is to arouse in man and in the nation an inspiration after a higher life which shall not remain an aspiration, but become an inspiration to lead the people to something higher and better, and the method employed is of small consequence compared with the work done. Whether the prophet speaks or writes, if the people are inspired, he has done the prophet's work.—*W. E. Copeland.*

Infant Class Work.

The Kindergarten Magazine gives regular typical Primary Sunday-school Lessons according to the teachings of Froebel. It is devoted exclusivelv to Child Culture, giving special every-day helps for mothers with young children. One year $1.50, three months trial thirty cents. Kindergarten Pub. Co., 277 Madison St., Chicago.

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Church Door Pulpit.

The Rosetta Stone.

A Paper Read by Mrs. M. H. Lackersteen, before Unity Club of All Souls Church, Chicago.

"Time mocks all things, but the pyramids mock Time," says an Arab proverb; and in Egypt, beneath gigantic ruins and the sand drift of the desert, the secrets of the ages have been securely kept. Each stone has a story beyond what the geologist can read from it, for the hand of man has written a history there. Every fragment of pottery is precious, for it gives some hint of the life of the most ancient of the nations. . . The old Egyptian loved life with all his heart, and found the deepest joy in existence; but the thought of death and the hereafter was never absent from his mind, and the preparation of his tomb was frequently the most engrossing work of his life time. His body was carefully preserved, and the history of his life and times swathed around it with the mummy cloths, written upon his mummy case, and inscribed upon the walls of his sepulchre. From the monuments and tombs of Egypt, in the light of scientific discovery, we can read the history of a nation which flourished 6,000 years ago; look into the very faces of the men and women who walked the streets of Thebes and Memphis, and marvel at a civilization that can hardly be called inferior to our own. The Bible story had preserved the memory of Pharaoh and his court, and classical writers spoke of the "wonders of the world" that stood on the shores of the Nile. Travelers and merchants brought home mummies, vases, fragments of papyri and other small relics; and Christian pilgrims of the earliest times spoke of the wonders they had seen by the Nile. But it was a surprise to Europe, when Pococke and Niebuhr and other learned travelers visited the East to carry on research, to learn that many monuments of great antiquity besides the pyramids were to be found on the shores of the Nile. The French became enthusiastic, and the savants and artists that accompanied Bonaparte's army on his expedition into Egypt, examined, measured, drew and described, with great accuracy, every monument they met with.

To a Frenchman belongs the great honor of discovering, and to another Frenchman belongs the still greater honor of deciphering the Rosetta stone. In 1799, a French captain of engineers named Bouchard was employed in throwing up intrenchments at Fort St. Julien when his men stumbled upon a block of basalt covered with inscriptions. The boy who was destined to interpret it was then just eight years old. On its way to France, together with many other antiques, it was captured by the English fleet and placed in the British museum. The upper portion of this block is inscribed with fourteen lines of hieroglyphics, all mutilated by the fracture of the stone; immediately below them are thirty-two lines in the demotic or enchorial character, but little injured by fracture or defacement. Unfortunately this portion is at once the most perfect and the least important of the three. The lowest portion of the block contains fifty-four lines of Greek, of which the first twenty seven are perfect and uninjured. The remainder are all more or less mutilated at the end of the lines by an oblique fracture inclining inwards so that the extent of mutilation regularly increases as the inscription approaches its termination, and the last line is the most imperfect of all. Unhappily the fractures of the hieroglyphic original have been in the opposite direction, the lines becoming more mutilated as they proceed upwards. The beginnings of them all are gone, and the terminations of the two last only remain. All the rest are mutilated at both ends, both mutilations regularly increasing as they proceed upwards, so that of the first line scarcely one-fourth remains. Where the Greek is the most perfect, the hieroglyphics are the most mutilated, and the place where the largest portion of hieroglyphics remains is precisely that in which the Greek inscription has sustained the most serious injury; so that the corresponding Greek to a large portion of the hieroglyphics has been lost. This is to the student especially tantalizing, because that which remains of the last line of the Greek removes all doubt as to its really being a translation, by formally declaring that it is. The inscription is a statute of the Priests of Egypt decreeing a place among the gods then actually worshiped, to Ptolemy Epiphanes, the fifth successor of Tagus, the founder of the Græco-Egyptian monarchy. The only other instance of a king of Egypt being thus made a god during his life-time, is that in the case of his remote predecessor Horus, the last Pharaoh of the eighteenth dynasty. A similar decree assigns the same honor to him, engraved on the back of a throne which once supported a statue of him. The fragment is in the museum at Turin. Manetho tells us of Horus, that "he had seen the gods." This peculiar honor seems to be indicated in the case before us by Epiphanes, which signifies "Shining forth as a deity," a god confessed. This decree appears to have been issued 196 B. C. The inscription ends with an injunction that the said decree is to be engraved on a tablet of hard stone in three characters, the hieroglyphics, the demotic and the Greek, and thus to be preserved in each of the great temples. The hieroglyphics consist of representations of objects of every kind and drawn from every imaginable source; the demotic, of strangely formed letters of which it was at that time impossible even to guess at the prototypes. At an earlier date students of hieroglyphics had already observed certain groups which occurred in the inscriptions, enclosed in a sort of frame or cartouche, as it is now universally called, and even before the discovery of the Rosetta stone it was supposed that the groups thus distinguished from the rest were names of kings or of gods. In the Greek text the name occurring most frequently is Ptolemaios; in the hieroglyphic version the cartouche most often repeated is supposed to be the sign for Ptolemaios. Presently another inscription came to light to support this evidence, that on the plinth of an obelisk in the island of Philæ, and in which the name of Cleopatra occurs in the Greek and which could only answer to this cartouche in the Rosetta stone. Thus, says Ebers: "the lever was found for which science had been waiting, to wrench open the door which for so long had remained locked on the secret of the Egyptian Sphinx." Two great men set to work at the same time, but independently, to decipher the inscriptions on the Rosetta stone: In England, Thomas Young, and in France, Francois Champollion. The happiest results crowned the labors of each, but Champollion is to be regarded as the successful decipherer, for he reached by a scientific method what the English student arrived at by ingenious conjecture.

It was in this way that Champollion reached his discovery: If the two names thus written were really Ptolemaios and Cleopatra they must include several identical signs or letters; in Ptolemaios, the quadrangular figure being the first, must stand for *P*, and this in Cleopatra was found to occur in the right place, standing fifth in order; the third sign in Ptolemaios must be an *O*, and the fourth an *L*. This theory was proved for the lion, for *L* occurs second in Cleopatra and the knotted cord for *O*, in the fourth place. In thus proceeding by comparison with other names, a whole Egyptian alphabet was constructed. A test and a proof of the accuracy of Champollion's method is afforded by the tablet known as the Decree of Kanopus, found by Lepsius in 1866, among the ruins of Tanis, and, like the Rosetta stone containing a sacerdotal proclamation in Egyptian, hieroglyphic, and demotic writing, with a translation in Greek, bearing date 238 B. C. It is larger and fuller than the Rosetta stone and quite perfect. Pursuing the method adopted by Champollion, every Egyptologist translated the decree exactly as it had originally been translated by the Greek interpreter.

Since the discovery and interpretation of the Rosetta stone, interest in Egyptology has been steadily on the increase; scholars from France, Germany and England have given their lives to Egyptian research, and in May, 1886, Miss Edwards reported the contributions to the Egypt Exploration fund from the United States as "representing all the wit, wisdom, learning and piety of this great republic." Each year has brought fresh discoveries, supplying missing links in the chain of history. The literature on the subject is so abundant that it is hard to know where and how to begin, and it is equally hard to select important discoveries, for in such work nothing seems small or trivial.

Members of this club will probably be interested in a few words about the Sallier papyrus. It is called the third Sallier papyrus, and is one of several which belonged to the late M. Sallier of Aix in Provence; he is said to have purchased them of an Egyptian mariner. It is quite lengthy and is entitled the "War of Rameses II. with the Khita." I quote a few lines: "Then the vile Cheta chief made an advance with men and horses numerous as sand. Foot and horse of King Rameses gave way before them. Then said King Rameses, 'What, art thou my father Ammon; what father denies his son? Have I not made thee monuments very many, filled thy Temple with my spoils, built thee houses for millions of years, given treasure to thy house? I have slain to thee 30,000 bulls, I have built thee great towers of stone above thy gates—graves everlasting. I was alone, Ammon my support, his hand with me.' Now my Menna, my squire, saw me thus encircled by many chariots; he cowered, his heart quailed, great terror entered into his limbs. The king said to his squire, 'Courage, courage, I will pierce them as a hawk,'" and so on through many pages. And the whole account is inscribed to the head guardian of the royal writings by the royal scribe, Pentaur.

The Priesse papyrus bought by a Frenchman of this name at Thebes and presented to the National Library at Paris, is said to be the oldest manuscript in the world. It dates from about 2200 B. C. and contains precepts of such high morality as would do honor to any age.

"If thou art become great, after thou hast been humble, and if thou hast amassed riches after poverty, being, because of that, the first in thy town; if thou art known for thy wealth, and art become a great lord, let not thy heart become proud because of thy riches, for it is God who is the author of them for thee. Despise not another who is as thou wast; be towards him as towards thy equal"; and the exhortation, "Let thy face be cheerful as long as thou livest," wholesome advice to follow 4,0 years after it was given.

But perhaps no discovery since t finding and interpretation of t Rosetta stone has thrilled the readi world more than that of Profess Maspero in 1881, when the mummi of the royal personages of the seve teenth, eighteenth, nineteenth a twenty-first dynasties, covering a p riod of over 750 years, were all fou together at the bottom of a pit in o of the loneliest nooks of the weste cliffs at Thebes. As to the mode the discovery, Professor Maspe writes from Paris August 4th, 188 "The newspapers have reported t fortunate results of my first campaig The story is curious. Having not how Egyptian antiquities of eve description were constantly findi their way to Europe, I came t years ago to the conclusion that t Arabs had discovered a royal tom Furthermore, Colonel Campbell h given me some photographs of t first pages of a superb ritual boug by himself at Thebes, which ritu proved to have been written Pinotem I. Briefly, then, on arrivi at Luxor I caused to be arrested, o Ahmed Abd-er-Rasoul, an Arab gui and dealer, to whom a mass of co current testimony pointed as the p sessor of the secret. For two mont this man lay in prison at Keneh, obs nately silent, and I had just left wh prompted by jealousy and avarice o of his brothers decided to tell all. this wise we were enabled to put o hands, not upon a royal tomb, b upon a hiding place wherein we piled some thirty-six mummies kings, queens, princes and hi priests." On July 6th, Herr Brugsc keeper of the museum at Bonlaq, wi an assistant in the service of t museum, was conducted by Moha med Abd-er-Rasoul to the now famo hiding place. The entrance to t pit was concealed by a large sto and to use the words of the discov ers "one might have passed it twen times without seeing it." They w lowered into the pit by means a rope. The shaft ended in narrow subterraneous passage, whi stretched away northward into apparently endless night. Stoopi and stumbling they descended flight of roughly hewn steps, gr ing their way with flickering c dles into the very heart of the mou tain. Pieces of broken mummy cas porcelain statuettes, libation jars bronze and terra cotta strewed floor. In one corner in a tumbl heap lay the funeral canopy of Que Isi-em-Kheb. They expected to fi the mummies of a few petty prin of comparatively recent date, inste of which they found themselves c fronted with the remains of the gre est heroes and warriors of anci Egypt. . . . The decorations of sarcophagi were brilliant with gild and color, and fresh as if just fr the hand of the artist. Queen Isi-K Kheb, of all this royal crowd, perhaps the richest in "other wo goods." Her funeral repast sumptuous, consisting of gaz haunches, geese, calves-heads, mummified and bandaged, toget with dried grapes, dates and c palm nuts, the whole packed in a la rush hamper, and sealed with husband's unbroken seal. Wigs cu and frizzed, ointment boxes, alaba cups and variegated glass goblets v placed in a separate basket, so nothing might be wanting when came to stand before Osiris. Wi forty-eight hours, with the assist of 300 Arabs under the directio Herr Brugsch and his assistant, pit was cleared of its treasures, in five days more everything ready for removal to Bonlaq. more the Pharaohs had funeral ho paid to them. The news of the

covery had spread rapidly, and as the royal procession was borne along, crowds lined the banks of the Nile, the women with flying hair shrieking the death wail, the men in solemn silence, and firing their guns into the air. . . . The most pathetic feature of this collection was the finding of a sarcophagus containing the mummies of two queens named Makara and Maut-an-Haut. Long the finders pondered as to what this double burial could mean. Makara's name was enclosed in a royal cartouche, while Maut-an-Haut bore a string of royal titles one of which was, Principal Royal Wife. Miss Edwards says: "The opened mummy case showed that Queen Maut-an-Haut, for all her high sounding titles, was only sixteen inches long. Makara died in childbirth, and this tiny infant superscribed with every title which was already hers by right of birth, or which might have been hers, had she lived, by right of marriage, was after all no more than a little dead letter addressed to the Land of Shadows."

An interesting later discovery was that of a Greek disinterred at Thebes holding in his hand a roll of papyrus, containing a transcript of the seventeenth book of the Iliad. Buried with another Greek mummy was found a sealed letter written by one Timoxenes to Moschius. The young man apparently died before he reached his destination, and the unopened letter remained unread for many centuries.

The most recent and interesting discovery in Egyptian research we owe to the skill of Mr. Flinders Petrie. It occurred to him that the mummy cases found at Gurob in the Fayoum were not made of wood, as in the case of so many he had examined, but of a sort of papier maché made of layers of papyrus torn into small pieces and stuck together. Mr. Petrie thought that he detected writing on some of the scraps of papyrus and attempted the difficult task of separating and cleansing the various fragments. Comparatively few had escaped the destroying influence of lime, glue, and other substances, but patience and ingenuity on the part of Mr. Petrie first, and then on that of Dr. Mahaffy and Professor Sayce produced surprising results. The new find contained important fragments of a lost play of Euripides, long passages from the Phædo of Plato and a large number of other literary fragments, besides wills and private letters, all dating beyond any question, from a period far earlier than that of any classical texts which had previously come down to us, dating, in fact, from a period almost contemporaneous with the writers themselves. The London *Times* in commenting upon Mr. Petrie's discovery says: "And now that Mr. Petrie has proved that the mummy cases made up of scraps and shreds of old waste paper, may contain almost the very autographs of the great masters of Greek literature, what is to come next? If a bit of Euripides has leaped to life, why not some of the lost plays of Sophocles and Æschylus, or some songs of Sappho, or the lyrics of some of the other Greek poets whom Horace copied or translated? And why not—greatest treasure of all—in that center of Hellenistic Judaism, a gospel papyrus of the first century?"

Is it not truly a wonderland that this study of the remains of ancient Egypt introduces to us. If we bow in reverence before the unopened letters, the unbroken seals, and the impress of a human foot in the sand floor of a tomb undisturbed since it was first closed to the light of day—how much more deeply are we touched when we think of these old Egyptians as of members of the same human family as ourselves, though so many thousand of years removed, follow them in the dance and song, and in their cheerful excursions to the papyrus marshes, imagine something of the bitterness of the death wail as their funeral processions neared the Necropolis, remember how they reached after God and thirsted for immortality, and then, ponder on the 731,000,000 mummies said to lie beneath the soil of Egypt.

"Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they."

The Study Table.

The undermentioned books will be mailed, postage free upon receipt of the advertised prices, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.

The New Theology. By John Bascom New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, $1.50.

Our author begins by telling us that "The New Theology is, after all, not a theology." Yet it is, somehow "the most general and conspicuous religious fact of our times." It is not a creed but a tendency, not a result but a movement. "It consists largely in breaking old bonds and in refusing to accept new ones." The old views of God, known as the doctrine of the Trinity, "seem little better than moonshine." The natural has gained immensely upon the supernatural. The ethical law has grown in the minds of men. "Between sound religion and safe morals there is no distinction of subject matter."

Naturalism is as much the basis of the spiritual as of the physical life. "Inspiration is the mind's mastery of truth"—not confined to any period, or person, or particular. The prophet might just as reasonably be regarded as living by miracle, as thinking or speaking by miracle. "This belief of a sufficient and final statement of religious truth in the Scriptures lacks proof." "God does most for us, when we are doing most for ourselves." "True science is natural theology, which runs before and behind, above and beneath all theology." "A pagan dispensation, a Jewish dispensation, a Christian dispensation, are stages in the free, yet irresistible, universal coming of the kingdom of heaven." "Superstitions are the ugly, ravelled fringe of spiritual life." "As history explains your dogma, so science will dry it up."

"Religion ordinarily does mean, and ought to mean, our belief in personal spiritual agents; our relation to the problem of spiritual life."

But thoughts are supernatural. The action of the mind is not under causal law.

Much as there is that is stimulating and good in this book, we are soon ashore upon its contradictions and inconsistencies. Soon the "new theology" shows its weakness and want of logic in its effort to reconcile old with new, to compromise where compromise is impossible.

The miracles must be accepted in any just conception of Jesus. "The words and works of Christ make an incomparable whole, a seamless garment." And although our author criticises the interpretation of Christ and his teachings found in Dr. Hodge's "Systematic Theology," he argues with the same confidence from the words of Jesus and appears to accept the sayings of Paul as an ultimate authority. The clear stream which appears in the beginning of the book, in its last chapters flows into a marsh. The promise of light and help with which we set out ends in the usual mysticism and obscurantism of the new orthodoxy. Thought is not yet emancipated.

L.

A Slumber Song. By Nina Lillian Morgan. Published by Lily Pub. Co., Chicago. Price, colored cloth, postpaid, $1.10. Holiday binding of white and gold, $1.35.

A story of a young girl of gentle, loving nature, the child of educated and gifted parents, who was left an orphan when almost a baby and cared for by good but ignorant people. She has had very little education, either in books or the music she so dearly loves; yet manages to write a wonderful Slumber Song, words and music, which wins an offered prize of $100, and leads her to her grandfather, wealth and happiness. Her ability to do this is indicated in this key-note passage from the book: "Dear friends, are we not all children of the One Creator? Would he give to one more power than another? No. He is good and just. He has given us all *equal* power, only we do not recognize it, while others, those whom we call geniuses, go on and appreciate *their* power by usage. . . Why, the reason of all the world's failures is because of man's refusal to recognize his RIGHT, or rather, his *neglect* to do so,—for man has been ignorant of that right. Christ came to show us that we do possess it, but it has taken us a long time to find out what he meant when he said, 'All things are possible to him that believeth.'"

Those of other belief might think that Mabel's success in writing the prize song was due to ardent desire, concentration and heredity,—for her father was a musical genius. This book is plainly one written by a believer in Christian Science, and no doubt will be welcome to such as share the same belief, for it is pleasing in other ways.

J. S.

Letters of John Keats to His Family and Friends. Edited by Sidney Colvin, London. New York: MacMillan & Co. 1891.

This edition of Keats's letters is for his personal, what Mr. Buxton Forman's edition of his works is for his literary, side,—as complete as that, with one important exception, which is the omission of the poet's love-letters to Fanny Brawne. There is something very manly in the terms with which Mr. Colvin makes this serious omission. He finds the letters too intimate for publication and with too much of the emphasis of sickness and approaching death upon them, and too little the accent of literary beauty which is seldom absent from his other letters. If one must know how the dying man wasted his heart in passionate sighs upon a heartless creature who had no appreciation of his genius or his love, there is a separate edition of the letters which are omitted here. The present collection is much fuller than that in Lord Houghton's life of forty years ago and much more correct than the original being seldom used here generally. They are not unworthy of the poet's work in poetry. Indeed, they are convincing that, great as his achievement was, it was only hint and prophecy of things to which, had he lived longer, he would have attained; that his intellectual force was not a whit behind his sensuous apprehension; nor do we miss a certain ethical strain which, as he advanced in life, would, doubtless, have assumed a more distinguished place. Those who would know "What porridge had John Keats—" as Browning memorably asks in verses that would have grated like harsh thunder upon Keats's ear—can not do better than to read these letters, full, as they are, of passionate genius and of hope deferred.

His Marriage Vow. By Caroline F. Corbin. Published by Lee & Shepard: Boston. Good Company Series. Paper, 328 pp. Price, 50 cents.

Mrs. Corbin, who is a Chicago lady, states in her preface that this book was brought out eighteen years ago, and shocked some critics by the plain manner in which she dealt with the full force of temptation, in answering the question, Is human strength so limited that there are temptations it can not be expected to resist? She says: "The discussion of social problems is so much farther advanced than it was twenty years ago, that it has appeared to the publishers that a new edition might at the present time answer to the very general interest in the public mind, as to the essence and ethics of the relation between men and women."

She handles the matter plainly and nobly, and answers the question in so forcible a way that many pure-minded men and women will thank her for this "testimony" to the overcoming of temptation, of which there must be much in the world.

If there are some crudities in the book, for which the author apologizes, there is so much of helpful goodness in it, also, that crudities may be easily forgiven. The reader may not agree with her religious conclusions, her opinions regarding Spencer, Darwin and others, in detail; but in the main, conclusions and the practical suggestions that come out of them, will be called strongly helpful. Unlike many writers upon this subject, Mrs. Corbin does not merely analyze and depict, but she shows "a way out," that is lofty and within human possibility, although it may be varied in form by different natures and intellects.

J. S.

Three Tales. By William Douglas O'Connor. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. New York: Cloth, pp. 320. Price, $1.25.

A five page preface, by Walt Whitman, opens this book, who in strong, terse language pays a high tribute to the mind and character of William O'Connor, who was born in 1832, and when grown, lived for several years in Boston, doing editorial work, afterwards going to Washington where he lived until his death in 1889.

Two of the tales *The Ghost* and *The Carpenter*, are Christmas stories, the other, a tale of old English times and called *The Brazen Android*. This last was first published in *The Atlantic Monthly* as a short serial. All of the tales are quite original in design, lofty in purpose, and very powerfully written. One does not "get away from them," easily after the reading is finished. They are full of action—intense action that carries the reader with it in such a way that he does not stop to reflect until the story is finished, when it stands to him as a whole, in a vivid way. The Christmas stories would be good to read aloud on Christmas eve, and would leave the heart beating warmly for all mankind.

The Plans, Reasons and Necessity for a New Organization, for the purpose of using its combined credit for mutual benefit. By Wm. Driscoll. Published by the author at Gardner, Grundy County, Ill. Price, 10 cents.

A thoughtful pamphlet on the problem of voluntary co-operation, which is well worth reading in spite of its crudity and lack of literary form. We have just one criticism on the subject matter, and that is, that under present monetary conditions, with the volume of United States currency manipulated in the interest of money lenders, it would be a short and easy task for the banks and trusts to force into insolvency any such co-operative society as the one suggested by Mr. Driscoll. Our present oppressive laws must be changed first; then there will be help in co-operation.

C. H. K.

Rose and Lavender. By the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission" and "Laddie." Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cloth, pp. 307. Price, $1.00.

A pretty story of rural England and "common folk,"—simple, very true to nature, and capable of doing much good among the class of people about whom it is written, while interesting to any one in any class, as are all the stories written by this author.

THE Andover *Review* for February has an imposing array of contributors: a college president, three professors and a doctor of philosophy spread before us the rich stores of their wisdom. Yet the one untitled writer, Miss Caverno, is not one whit behind the very chiefest apostles in an interesting survey of "The Figures of Homer," which she compares with those of Virgil, Dante, Milton and Tennyson, and incidentally raises a suggestive query concerning the influence of Christianity upon the form as well as the substance of literature. Most readers, however, will turn first to Professor Pfleiderer's paper on "The Duty of Scientific Theology to the Church of To-Day," which is timely and vigorous. The very title has a refreshingly aggressive and martial ring, and the article keeps on the key. With the exception of President Hyde's sensible review of "Our Ethical Resources," nothing else in the number calls for especial notice, although everything is readable. The editorial department is particularly good, and the book reviews, notably those by Professor Hyslop, are of value.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

A Memorial of the late William M. Ainsworth. Edited by Jas. Harwood, B. A. London: Williams & Norgate. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 216.

The Story of Jane Austen's Life. Oscar Fay Adams. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 277. Price, $1.25.

Mark Hopkins. By Franklin Carter. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 375. Price, $1.25.

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ALLIES
—OR—
Similarities of Scientific and Religious Knowledge.

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Notes from th

St. Paul, Minn.—On St 28th, Unity church celebrat anniversary. In the morn pleasure of listening to the our former pastor, W. C. G old and new filled the audi ject was, "The Abiding things of the spirit, faith, reverence; different exp same spiritual force that n the character of man; t were the "things that s evening there were addre Hunting, who helped church twenty years ago, Mr. Simmons, and Mr. V versalist church of this day evening a reception w church parlor, after which w the club rooms below to part versary dinner and discuss o Charles G. Ames was master and presided over one hundre members and guests of the ch the dinner had been disposed of, historian, W. H. Kelly, read a bi of the trials and triumphs of twenty years, and Mrs. John De Grav e us a prehistoric glimpse of two previous births of Unitarianism in St. Paul, which were premature, and expired after a very brief existence. Short addresses were made by Mr. Mayo, Mr. Ludden, Mrs. Jennie Peterson, of Winnipeg, A. H. Wimbish, Dr. S. G. Smith of the People's Church, St. Paul, W. C. Gannett and S. M. Crothers. Letters were read from Benjamin Drew, O. P. Whitcomb, of Denver; Mrs. Newell, of Washington; Mrs. S. B. Beals, of Orange, Cal.; Rev. J. R. Effinger and Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago. Many other letters of greeting and congratulation had been received, but the lateness of the hour prevented us from hearing more than the old familiar names. Among the invited guests were Mrs. Wilkes, of Luverne; Mr. Staples, of St. Cloud; Mr. Davis, of Winona, and others who kindly lent the inspiration of their presence to our good time. Many regrets were expressed that the lateness of the hour compelled us to adjourn without their words of cheer. Altogether the evening was one of rare enjoyment, and will take its place in the memory of those present among the "things that abide." The absence of our first pastor, John R. Effinger, whose recent illness prevented his being with us, was deeply regretted, and we feel justified in saying that from the hearts of all who knew him, went forth a silent prayer for his speedy recovery and return to the field of usefulness which he has honored for so many years. Could Mr. and Mrs. Effinger have been with us our anniversary would have seemed complete. But, as it was, the hours passed all too quickly and shortly before 12 o'clock we adjourned till February 28, 1912.

J. E. M. P.

Menomonie, Wis.—A friend from this place writes: "Our society is getting along. I write once more. Rabbi Marks, of Minneapolis, preached for us again last Sunday morning. Sunday and Monday evenings he lectured on the "Talmud" to large and interested audiences. Rabbi Marks is very popular here and, fortunately for us, is so situated that he can come often. Our socials are on a somewhat original plan. We have one once a month, meeting between seven and eight o'clock in the evening: have games, chess, checkers, cards, billiards, dominoes, etc. Music is provided so that all who care to do so can dance, but we have no refreshments. We close promptly at ten o'clock. This seems very early to city people but in a small place like ours, earlier hours are kept. About once in three months we have a six o'clock basket supper. No collection is taken at either one as they are held for the social part only and not for making money. Since Mr. Maxson left us we have had supper together but have omitted the other exercises. We think so often of what the editor of UNITY said to us that last day—that whereas he had one voice before, he now had a thousand.

Our society was never stronger than it is to-day. Through Mr. Forbush, we have secured the services of O. J. Fairfield, of Harvard, during his Easter vacation. Mr. Forbush is to preach for us February 28.

Sincerely yours,

STELLA LUCAS.

Greeley, Colo.—On Sunday, February 14, a very pleasant surprise awaited the pastor and people of our little church in Greeley. Just before the closing of the morning service, one of the trustees stepped to the front with an open letter in his hand, postmarked "Boston," which he read. It expressed much interest in pastor and people, and closed by saying that the inclosed $100 were sent to encourage both in their struggle to maintain a church, and it was wished by the givers that it should be added to the minister's salary. The pastor received the gift with evident emotion and to his inquiry, "Is there a name signed to that letter?" was answered, "There is; Rev. E. R. Hall." None of the congregation were acquainted with that gentleman, but we well under-

[illegible] brought a vision of old [illegible] to our minister. To be [illegible] and strengthened by per- [illegible] indeed a touching re- [illegible] brotherhood, and the [illegible]s gave evidence that [illegible]ughtful kindness. [illegible]ext Sunday he [illegible]ubject than [illegible]o at present. [illegible] we listened [illegible]lend, Mrs. L. [illegible]entleman who [illegible]sure that Mrs. [illegible] to give us our [illegible] Our inter- [illegible]e learned [illegible]age of [illegible] My [illegible]ith [illegible]ers a [illegible] societies that they m[illegible] no time, energy, or money left, with [illegible] to strengthen and uphold the church. The evening service consisted of music, short addresses, recitations and readings and was in memory of Washington.

CORRESPONDENT.

Salem, Or.—The Unity Club of our society dedicated the basement of Unity church, which we know as "Channing Hall," February 18, in a "character party" for itself and invited guests. One hundred were present and about fifty characters from American literature represented on the stage. After that, supper was served for two hours. Comer's orchestra discoursed music. There was a grand march, and interspersed with the social exercises a few dances. The evening was most enjoyable, and it was said by invited guests that we should soon make our gatherings the most popular in the city. Everything in our society is moving finely. Sunday-school is increasing. The Ladies' Society is doing excellent work. They will hold a series of public sociables and entertainments, commencing March 1. And Unity Club and Channing Club will give entertainments during the season, and we hope in this way to lift a good portion of our debt. Ever fraternally yours,

H. H. BROWN,
Minister First Unitarian Church.

Boston.—Hon. John D. Long is taking an active part in the great no-license campaigns of our state this spring.

—Dr. Henry C. Bolton, University Club, New York city, has issued a new volume of "Letters by Joseph Priestly;" 240 pages, $2.50.

—Prof. C. H. Toy will give the next essay before the Ministerial Union, on "Righteousness."

—Arrangements are already making for the summer grove meeting at Weirs, N. H.

—Rev. E. E. Hale will give the last lecture of the Channing Hall course, on "The Beginnings of Christian History." He will also give five vestry readings from his stories for charity purposes.

—A new suburban church is starting in Dorchester, under the auspices of Rev. E. A. Horton.

—Four sermons will be given on coming Sunday evenings in Dorchester, on the Episcopal, Universalist, Swedenborgian and Unitarian beliefs.

Flushing, N. Y.—A reader of UNITY from this place writes praising some recent article in our little paper and speaking words of encouragement for which we thank him. He tells us the liberal element in the town is beginning to take on an organic activity in the form of occasional public services. Rev. Russell N. Bellows has preached here. The first gathering was held in a private house but now about twenty-five people assemble to assist in the services at the court house on Sunday evenings. The work will continue as long as our funds hold out, writes our correspondent, and adds that she always takes the *Christian Register* and UNITY with her to give them away.

Western Unitarian Conference.—The treasurer has to report the following amounts on

CURRENT EXPENSES.

Previously reported	$421.90
Miss Emma Dupee, Glencoe, Ill.	25.00
Unitarian Church, Geneseo, Ill.	25.00
Miss Lizzie N. Harris, Boston, Mass.	2.00
	$473.00

We hope to be able to report additional receipts in UNITY each week, before Conference convenes.

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THE FAITH OF FAITHS AND ITS FOUNDATIONS
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The Revelation of God, - - - - - - - J. W. Chadwick.
The Faith of Ethics, - - - - - - - W. C. Gannett.
Religion from the Near End, - - - - - J. Ll. Jones.
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Announcements.

The Women's Western Unitarian Conference will hold a religious council at Moline, Ill., on March 22, 23 and 24. An interesting programme is promised, and all friends living within a convenient distance are urgently requested to be present.

MARION H. PERKINS, *Sec'y.*

The Women's Western Unitarian Conference, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, have on hand a supply of back numbers of the *Christian Register* and UNITY which have been contributed by friends for missionary work. Any persons desiring such copies for distribution, will be supplied free of charge on application.

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The Morals of Christ.—A comparison with the contemporaneous systems of Mosaic Pharisaic and Græco-Roman ethics. By Austin Bierbower. Paper, 16mo, 200 pages, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.
Mr. Bierbower's book affords an admirable example of the scientific treatment of an historical subject. He has carefully analyzed the old-world ethical systems which chiefly concern the modern civilized world, and in this book he has so classified the elements revealed by that analysis as to give them high scientific value. His book is almost as systematic as a treatise upon one of the exact sciences, and stands in fine contrast to the rambling, ethical discussion of which we hear so much and which leads us nowhere. How systematically Mr. Bierbower has gone to work appears from the very opening passage of the book.—*Chicago Daily News.*
The Faith of Faiths, and its Foundations.—Six conference addresses, by Minot J. Savage, Samuel R. Calthrop, Henry M. Simmons, John W. Chadwick, William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Paper, 16mo, 170 pages, 50 cents.
The six papers are a striking and significant illustration of what the New Faith tends to produce,—its fearlessness, its utter sincerity, the absence of all special pleading, its poetry, its eloquence, its zeal and love for humanity.—*Christian Register.*
A Study of Primitive Christianity. By Lewis G. Janes. Cloth, octavo, gilt top, uncut edges, 319 pages, $1.25.
Dr. Janes is evidently a thorough scholar, and one can not fail to be impressed with the care, the honesty, the faithfulness, the impartiality, the love of truth, the conservatism exhibited throughout this admirable volume.—*Popular Science Monthly.*
History of the Arguments for the Existence of God. By Rev. Dr. Aaron Hahn, Rabbi of the Tifereth congregation, Cleveland, Ohio. Paper, 12mo, 205 pages, 50 cents.
This is an intensely interesting book, from the scholarly pen of one who has evidently given the subject the most exhaustive investigation. We have whole libraries on the existence of God, but little, if anything, tracing so thoroughly as is here done the efforts that the human mind has made to solve the great problem of the Divine existence.—*Christian Work.*
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on.—Situations are noble or ignoble, as we make them.

ues.—We are free only when we love what we are to do, and those to whom we do it.

ed.—In all evil there is "a soul of goodness."

urs.—To be a child of light implies duty as well as privilege.

i.—That which is natural lies not in things, but in the minds of men.

t.—Our good actions become our friends.

—*F. W. Robertson.*

The Drummer.

The drummer has an EZ way
When he SA's to sell;
He spreads before you an RA
Of samples that XL.

Then talks and talks with NRG
Until you DZ grow,
And feeling he's your NME,
An IC manner show.

You say you don't want NE thing;
No PT he displays,
Then, getting mad, say UL fling
Him out in KC stays.

He'll SQ then to take a "smile,"
And tell HS nut tale,
And thus LA your anger while
In PC makes a sale.

If you should CK place to hide
With glee he'll CQ too,
And when at EV leaves your side,
He's sold his goods—& U.

A drummer can not CA snub,
And will XQ's a kick,
Like YZ does n't fear a club,
And to UE will stick.

—*H. C. Dodge.*

Old Alice," and What She Stands For.

A SKETCH.

In a house of her own lives "old lice," and that is more than can be aid of some of the aristocracy, from hich happy (?) rank Alice is a long ay off.

But you should see the house: It onsists of one room and a lean-to ned. Alice lives in the room and the its live in the shed, but she does not eem to begrudge them lodging. It a "poor bit of a place" but is all er own, and it happened on this ise: Years ago there sprang up in ne heart of this woman, who is now ery old, a fear that she might some ay have to go to the poor house; so ne worked and saved until she had nree or four hundred dollars with hich she bought a house-site for life. n it she reared this tiny house, and ne was to hold it and live in it until ne died.

Then there came a stroke of parlysis and poor Alice has had little power" in her left side since then—nirty years ago. Perhaps you think he begged? Oh, no; she hobbled round and picked up rags and other valuables," and thus earned enough to keep" her. Alice has never egged—not once—and yet often I uppose she has nearly died of "the nger," as she calls it. Her cheerul face and patient going about have von her friends, and so she has had nore or less help through all those hirty years. One lady, especially, elped her for many years, and at last ailing health obliged her to hand over this and other cares to a laughter, at which "old Alice" exclaimed, "To think that I should ive on and on, so long that I fall a egacy to Miss Annie at last!"

There are certain "luxuries" that nave become "necessities" to "old Alice," and I wish you to think what hey mean when you read their names —tea, sugar and kerosene. She always manages to buy enough of these n the summer to last through the winter and it means a deal of rag picking to do that. For the rest—well the "rest" is but little and it comes in ne way and another as good people think of her and can give.

Never failing in her cheerfulness, she is such a sunbeam of a woman that she is really a power for good in her little corner of the world. The children love her, and many of them are very good to her, and are "the dear childer." Nothing makes her grumble, nothing shakes her faith that all is well, nothing chills her warm heart.

Well, what does "old Alice" stand for in her community? Industry, honesty, independence, cheerfulness, the "one talent" *not* buried in a napkin, the "she hath done what she could." Is there anything good that she does not stand for? Is she not one of the "great ones" of the earth who have swayed mightier scepters than some who thought the world would have been poor indeed if they had not lived?

Is there any homage due to her position in this "kingdom of righteousness?" Yes; the homage of friendliness.

Is there any equivalent we can give for the good she is doing by her shining life? At the very least, we ought to "make up" her lack, in the very, very small amount it takes to keep her from "the cold and the hunger."

If any one is willing to make a small payment for "service rendered," I will gladly receive and use it for "old Alice," who has earned from me at least this service of asking, and she is now in need.

JUNIATA STAFFORD.

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tetter, boils,
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the blood.

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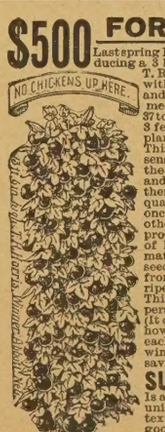

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The New World will be under the charge of an Editorial Board, consisting of Professors Charles Carroll Everett and Crawford Howell Toy of Harvard University; President Orello Cone of Buchtel College, and Rev. Nicholas Paine Gilman (the managing editor, to be addressed at No. 25 Beacon St., Boston). It will discuss the great problems of Religion, Ethics, and Theology in a liberal and progressive spirit. The co-operation has been secured of numerous eminent students of theology, and exponents of religion, at home and abroad; and the new quarterly will be open to able and constructive thinkers, without regard to sectarian lines. The New World which its editors have in mind is that which is developing under the light of modern science, philosophy, criticism, and philanthropy,—all of which, rightly viewed, are the friends and helpers of enduring religious faith. To positive and constructive statements of such an order of things, as distinguished from the old world of sectarianism, obscurantism, and dogmatism, *The New World* is pledged.

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